

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM



\$1.75 US

\$2.25 CAN

72

DEC

CC 02530

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

EXCALIBUR

CRUCIBLE OF FEAR



12



0-09281-02530-6

KWL
cf

WELCOME TO THE GAMEMASTER'S LAIR, WHERE
THE RULES OF THE DRY ARE BEING SET...

...WITH TWO PLAYERS, ONE PAWNI, AND
THE ODDS AGAINST EXCALIBUR.

OUR PLAN
SEEMS TO SERVE
BOTH GOALS--
YOU GAIN A
PHYSICAL FORCE
TO CARRY OUT YOUR
MANIPULATIONS, WHICH
NO ONE WILL BE
ABLE TO TRACE BACK
TO YOU--

--I GAIN
ANOTHER LEVEL
OF GAMESMAN-
SHIP TO FOCUS
ON!

GAMES.
PAWNI!

WE ALL
PLAY GAMES--
IT'S HOW WE FIRST
LEARN TO
MANIPULATE
PEOPLE-- TO GET
WHAT WE WANT.

I'VE JUST
UPPED
THE ANTE ...

... I PLAY
WITH THE
HIGHER
WORLD.

THIS WOMAN,
MOIRA
MACTAGGERT,
WAS MOTHER
TO THE MOST
DANGEROUS
MUTANT TO STRIKE
THE EARTH
PROTEUS.

HER SON'S
NO MORE BUT
I'VE BEEN TOLD
THAT HIS DNA
MAPPING EXISTS.
I MUST HAVE
IT ...

FULFILL OUR
BARGAIN AND I
WILL STAKE YOU
AND YOUR UPSTARTS
TO THE ULTIMATE
GAME.





SO, HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE HAVIN' PERMANENT HOUSE GUESTS-- APART FROM THE TINY RESEARCH TEAM THAT COME AND GO?

OCH! I'VE BEEN PRETTY ISOLATED OF LATE.

THE CURSED LEGACY OF STRYFE'S THAT IS KILLING ALL THESE POOR MUTANTS-- IT'S TAKING ALL MY TIME AND ENERGY. I NEED HELP!

CAN ONLY HOPE THAT THE MAN CHARLES SENT FOR, RORY CAMPBELL, IS AS GOOD AS HE SAYS. I KNOW HIS WORK, HIS PAPERS ON GENETIC RESEARCH, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE NAME THAT'S FAMILIAR. SOMETHING I JUST CANNA PLACE.



AS I WAS SAYING, EXCALIBUR, THESE MONITORS ARE V.I.D. FEEDS, DIRECT FROM THE COMPUTER. IT CREATES THE PROGRAMS BASED ON A MIND SCAN OF THE SUBJECT.

THE COMPUTER DEVICES A COURSE THAT WILL HIGH-LIGHT WHAT THE SUBJECTS THINK ARE THEIR WEAKNESSES.

THEY HAVE TO FIGHT SOMETHING THEY FEAR THEY CANNA BEAT.



SOMETHING IS FORMING IN FRONT OF ME.



THIS IS SO STRANGE.

NOT LIKE ANY DANGER ROOM SEQUENCE I'VE EXPERIENCED.

BUT HOW BAD CAN IT BE?



I'M REALLY NOT IN THE MOOD FOR THIS. ALL I CAN THINK ABOUT IS ILLYANA ... AND PETER.



NO! IT
CAN'T
BE!

JEAN
GREY...
MOM?

DON'T CALL
ME MOTHER, GIRL!
THOUGH YOU'D
GIVE *ANYTHING* FOR
IT TO BE OTHER-
WISE...

...YOUR
JEAN GREY LIVED
AND DIED IN A
DIFFERENT FUTURE!



YOU'RE NO
DAUGHTER
OF MINE--



THIS IS ALL
WRONG! I
THOUGHT YOU
FINALLY CARED
ABOUT ME!



YOU ARE AN
ABHORRENCE TO
ME AND YOU'RE
OUT OF TIME!

NOW I CAN
WIPE ALL TRACES
OF YOU, MY CLINGY
LITTLE "DAUGHTER,"
FROM MY LIFE.

PHOENIX'S MENTAL TORMENT
MOUNTS, WHILE NIGHTCRAWLER'S...

...IS JUST BEGINNING!

EXPLODING
FLOORS #8
AND #14.

NOT A
PROBLEM FOR
THE MAN WHO
PUT THE "B" IN

BAMF!

AMAZING!
I DIDN'T THINK
THIS WOULD FEEL
SO REAL. EVERY-
THING IS THERE,
THE SOUND, THE
SMELL, THE
HEAT.

WHY AM I
SURPRISED? THE
BRAIN CAN
ALWAYS TRICK THE
BODY INTO
BELIEVING-- THE
HEART, AS
WELL.

HERE
WE GO.

EXPLOSIONS
EVERYWHERE...

MEIN GOTT!
IMPOSSIBLE.
I HAVE TELE-
PORTED INTO
SOLID ROCK--
THE PAIN--

AAAAARRRRRR

SHADOWCAT.

I FEEL
LIKE I'M
WALKING
THROUGH A
LOW BUDGET
REMAKE
OF ...

... DARK
SHADOWS.

MIST
EVERY-
WHERE.

THIS IS
HORRIBLE! I'VE
MATERIALIZED,
BUT CAN'T TOUCH
A THING. IS THIS
WHAT I FEAR? TO
LOSE CONTROL
OF MY POWERS
AGAIN--TO BECOME
A GHOST?

NO, KITTY.

PETER!

YOU
THOUGHT
NO ONE
COULD
TOUCH
YOU!

I PHASED. YOU
SHOULDN'T
BE ABLE TO
HURT ME.

AAAAAAAAAFFF

I HAVE
ALWAYS BEEN
ABLE TO
TOUCH YOU.
WE ARE "FAMILY."
RIGHT, KATYA?

YOU CALLED
FOR ME. ASKED
ME TO TAKE
YOU, KATYA, WITH
ME. YOU SAID
YOU BELIEVED
IN *SHADOWCAT'S*
WAY. AS NOW I
DO.

THEN YOU
BETRAYED
ME. NOW
YOU MUST
DIE. LIKE
THE REST
OF MY
FAMILY!

SIENA BLAZE.

HI GAMESY!
DIG THE HAPPY
HQ, BUT YOU'D
BETTER HAVE A
GOOD REASON
FOR CALLING
ME--

--I WAS
CATCHING
THE RE-RUNS
OF 90210,
GOT TO GET
MY JASON
FIX.

OR ELSE
I'M IN A
VERY BAD
MOOD!

I TRUST,
GIVING YOU THE
CHANCE TO GET
AHEAD OF YOUR
FELLOW UPSTARTS

SAY NO MORE, THAT J.P. LOOK-A-LIKE WAS GETTING TOO **RETRO**.

SEEING AS HOW
YOU RECENTLY
PROVED UNEQUAL
TO THE TASK OF
KILLING THREE MEM-
BERS OF THE X-MEN
STORM, CYCLOPS, AND
CHARLES XAVIER—*

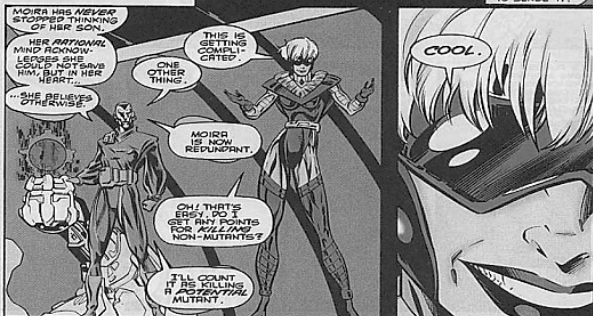
--THEY
CHEATED-- GANGED
UP ON ME. NO
MATTER WHAT I DID,
THEY WOULDN'T
DIE. I CALL THAT
BAD MANNERS.

THIS TIME YOU
WILL ONLY HAVE
ONE PERSON TO
DEAL WITH, ~~MOIRA~~
~~MAGNETO~~ **MOIRA**.
SHE IS NOT EVEN
A MUTANT. SHE IS
A CLOSE FRIEND
OF CHARLES
XAVIER. SHE HAD
A CHILD—

--YEAH, I SEE HOW CLOSE!

IN A-MEN UNLIMITED #1.
OVER

THE CHILD WAS NOT PROFESSOR XAVIER'S. THEY PARTED. THE FATHER WAS A NON-MUTANT, A WILDCARD.



THE PROTEUS ROOM--

TURN IT OFF!
TURN IT OFF!
I'M IN AGONY!

HOW CAN
YOU DO THIS
TO OUR
MINDS!

THIS IS
DEFINITELY THE
STRANGEST
"DANGER ROOM"
I'VE EVER
USED-- IT FELT
LIKE IT WAS
READING MY
MIND! YECH!

MORE THAN THAT,
IT'S AS THOUGH IT
LOOKS INTO YOUR
VERY SOUL, TANTING
AND TWISTING WHAT
EVER IT FINDS!

I DINNA
KEN WHAT
YOU'RE
SAYING. I
DIDN'T
DO ANY-
THING.

I BUILT THE
ROOM WHEN
MY SON FIRST
DEVELOPED HIS
POWER TO
DISTORT REALI-
TY.

I WAS TRYING
TO FIND SOME
WAY TO HELP HIM,
TO COUNTER
THE CHANGES,
TO MAKE HIM
DEVELOP A FIRM-
ER GRIP ON THE
REAL WORLD.

IT'S ALMOST AS IF, IN
SOME NIGHTMARE
FASHION, PROTEUS HAS
REACHED OUT FROM
BEYOND THE GRAVE TO
TOUCH US ONCE MORE.

I'M SORRY.
PERHAPS THIS
WAS A BAD
IDEA. IT'S JUST...

THE WEE
BRAIN
BROKE MY
HEART.

IT MUST HAVE BEEN ~~PROTEUS~~ FOR YOU, MOIRA. I WASN'T WITH THE GROUP. I MET THEM JUST AFTER ...

THE X-MEN SAVED THE WORLD. ~~PROTEUS~~ COULD NA SAVE MY SON.

I BROUGHT HIM INTO THE WORLD, RAISED, CARED AND LOVED HIM, AND HIS ~~COUSE~~ WITH SEEING HIM DIE BEFORE ME.

I CANNA SEE HIM AS ~~PROTEUS~~--MUTANT X--THE WORLD'S GREATEST THREAT. WITH THE POWER TO CHANGE THE WORLD WITH JUST A THOUGHT.

I TRIED TO KEEP HIM APART FROM THE WORLD OUTSIDE, HIDDEN AWAY IN A SECURE CELL. SECURE. THAT IS.

UNTIL THE X-MEN'S BATTLE WITH ~~MAGNETO~~ FREED HIM, SEVERING THE ENERGY SUPPLY KEEPING HIM FED.

SOON, HE WAS RAVENOUS, ABSORBING AND POSSESSING BODY AFTER BODY, PROGRESSIVELY MORE SURE AND CONFIDENT OF HIMSELF AND HIS ABILITIES.

UNTIL FINALLY HE POSSESSED HIS OWN FATHER! THE VERY MAN WHO'D ATTACK AND BRUTALIZED ME THOSE MANY YEARS AGO. HE WAS INSANE. OUT OF CONTROL!

"IT WAS HIM OR THE WORLD. I KNOW THAT. BUT SOMEHOW ... IT DOESN'T MAKE IT ANY EASIER!"

HIS LOSS IS A BLACK HOLE TO ME. A GAPING WOUND THAT I CANNA SEEM TO HEAL!

BY THE TIME WE ENCOUNTERED ~~PROTEUS~~ HE WAS EVIL INCARNATE!

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE REST OF YOU, BUT I FEEL LIKE A LITTLE UNPACKING. I'M UP TO THE CEILING IN HALF OPENED BOXES.

LOOKHEEP'S MADE HIS HOME ~~SOMEWHERE~~. I JUST CAN'T FIND HIM.

THANKS FOR CHANGING THE SUBJECT, KATY.

PUT SOME FOOD OUT. I'M SURE HE'LL COME RUNNING.

HE'S A ~~DRAGON~~ NOT A CAT, RACHEL.

DUSK. A CHANCE BOTH TO
WITNESS A VERY NORTHERN
SUNSET... AND WALK OFF A
HOME-COOKED MEAL.

THERE IS SUCH A DIFFERENT
FEEL TO BEING HERE-- SUCH
OPENNESS, DESOLATE BUT NOT
DEPRESSING. WITH SO MANY
SOULS IN THE WORLD IT IS
GOOD TO STOP AND APPRE-
CIATE THE BEAUTY OF THIS
LITTLE, QUIET ISLAND.



A MOMENT OF UTTER PEACE, AN EYE
IN A STORM OF CONFLICT AND COMBAT.
A MOMENT...

VAS IS
DAS!

PEOPLE
ARE DYING
OUT TO
SEA! I
HEAR THEIR
DEATH
SCREAMS!

IT MUST
BE THE
DEEP SEA
OIL RIG.

...THAT IS NOW OVER!

THERE--
ON THE
HORIZON!

I'LL
RADIO
FOR RES-
SISTANCE!

WANT
A LIFT
KURT?

NO! I WILL
MAKE IT IN MY
OWN INIMITABLE
STYLE.

WE'LL SEE WHAT
WE CAN DO ON
THE RIG. CAN YOU
TELEPORT
SURVIVORS OUT
OF THE SEA?

PEOPLE'S
THOUGHTS--
NEAR DEATH--
OVER EX-
POSURE--
BURNT--DROWN-
ING--SO MUCH
PAIN!

AND I WAS
LOOKING
FORWARD TO
AN EVENING
IN.





I WANT
TO MAKE SURE I
KNOW EXACTLY
WHAT TO EXPECT.

THE COSMIC FLAMES OF THE
PHOENIX FORCE BURN WITH-
OUT HEAT, BUT WITH AN IN-
TENSITY OF LIGHT THAT RIVALS
THE BRIGHTEST DAY, A BEACON
OF HOPE FOR MEN, WHO
HERE MOMENTS BEFORE HAD
NONE.

KURT CAN FEEL
THE HEAT FROM
THE BURNING OIL
RIG AS THE FIRES
CONSUME HUNDREDS
OF GALLONS OF
PETROL.

THE OIL RIG WAS
SCHEDULED TO CHANGE
SHIFTS, MEN WAITING
IMPATIENTLY ON THE DECK--
LOOKING FORWARD TO
RETURNING HOME.



THE HELICOPTER WAS
MOMENTS FROM A
SAFE LANDING
WHEN DISASTER
STRUCK.



NO TIME TO
SHOUT OR CRY
OUT.



NO TIME TO
MAKE PERCE
WITH WHAT-
EVER GODS
THEY HAVE.

NO TIME
FOR A
MAYDAY.



BUT TODAY
THEIR PRAYERS HAVE
BEEN ANSWERED...

... IN THE FORM OF
A BLUE-TAILED
DEMON-LOOKING
SAVIOUR.

THERE, IF I HAD PORTED STRAIGHT
W. CHANCES ARE I WOULD HAVE
MATERIALIZED RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE
OF THAT INFERNO.



IS
ANYONE
ALIVE?

OVER
HERE!

RELAX,
I'M HERE
TO HELP.

WE WERE
COMING IN... IT
JUST... JUST... MY
GOD! WHAT ARE
YOU?

MY LEG!
MY LEG! I
THINK IT'S
BROKEN!



IT LOOKS
BAD!

WELL, THIS
CHOPPER IS ABOUT
TO SINK, THE ENTIRE
OIL RIG IS ABOUT TO
BLOW UP AND WE
THREE ARE ALL THAT
STRANDS BETWEEN TEN
INJURED PEOPLE AND
AN OCEAN THAT
CURRENTLY RESEMB-
LES A DEEP-FRYER.

I WOULD
SAY 'BAD'
COVERS IT.





THANKS, RACHEL...
I GOT THAT TELE-
PATHIC FLASH LOUD
AND CLEAR. KURT'S
RIGHT--WE HAVE
TO MOVE FAST!

TO ANYONE ELSE,
THE INFERNO WOULD
MEAN ALMOST CER-
TAIN DEATH. KITTY'S
POWERS ALLOW HER
TO WALK THROUGH
BOTH SMOKE AND
FLAME UNTOUCHED
BY EITHER.

RACHEL HAS
TELEPATHICALLY
CHECKED THIS
LEVEL. THERE
ARE NO
SURVIVORS.

IF I CAN GET TO
THE EMERGENCY
RESERVE PANEL--
MANUALLY REEF
IT. WE SHOULD BE
ABLE TO GET RAFTS
TO THOSE IN THE
SEA.

HAVE TO MATERIAL-
IZE TO FLIP THE SWITCH.
I HOPE IT WORKS
FIRST TIME -- I'M
GOING TO BE TOO
OVERCOME BY
SMOKE AND FLAMES
TO GET A SECOND
CHANCE!

HURRY KITTY,
IT'S GOING
TO BLOW.

FINALLY--
THANK GOD
FOR WEIGHT-
TRAINING.

THE RAFTS ARE
INFLATING
AUTOMATICALLY.

I'M GOING
TO SMELL OF
SMOKE FOR
A WEEK!

FOR SOME THIS
NIGHT WILL LAST
A LIFETIME...

...FOR EXCALIBUR, IT HAS BEEN LESS THAN
FIVE MINUTES, BUT THERE IS LITTLE TIME.
THE SEAS ARE BEGINNING TO RAGE AND
ROIL, IT IS AS IF NATURE WAS WOUNDED
AND IS STRIKING BACK.

EVERY-
ONE'S
OFF THE
RIG.

I'LL USE THE
PACWAX POWERS
TO SMOTHER THE
FLAMES. BY ENHANCING
MY TELEKINETIC POWERS
I CAN KEEP THE
STRUCTURE STANDING
UNTIL WE CAN CLEAR
THE AREA.

NOW TO SEAL
OFF THE OIL
WELL -- DON'T WANT
THE SEA ANYMORE
POLLUTED.

I'VE SEEN TAPES
OF JEAN WORKING
IT SEEMED SO EFFORT-
LESS FOR HER. FOR ME
THE STRAIN IS UN-
BEARABLE...

...AS IF
THE FORCE
IS DRAINING
THE ENERGY
FROM ME.

THERE IS
SOMETHING
UNNATURAL
ABOUT THIS
EXPLOSION...

KURT, KITTY--
GET BACK TO
THE ISLAND. I
CAN HANDLE THE
CLEARING UP HERE.
I FEAR MOIRA IS
IN DANGER. I'M
PICKING UP SOME
STRAY THOUGHTS
HEAVILY SCREENED
BUT DEFINITELY
HOSTILE.



I'M FIRING ON ALL SIX, BUT I HAVE TO PUSH MYSELF EVEN FURTHER.

I'M HURTING, WHATEVER'S GOING ON WITH THE EARTH'S ECO-STRUCTURE IS TAKING ITS TOLL ON ME, TOO!

I HOPE MOIRA'S OKAY. I KNOW IT'S MY DUTY TO STAY AND MAKE SURE THESE PEOPLE, THESE **STRANGERS**, ARE OKAY, BUT MY HEART IS REARLY ON MUIR ISLE...

MEIN GOTT! SOMEONE'S HEADING BACK TO THE ISLAND. I KNEW THIS EXPLOSION WAS TOO SUDDEN-- TOO TOTAL! WHOEVER **THAT** IS, MUST BE BEHIND ALL THIS!

THE LULLAPPOOL TO STORNWAY
FERRY IS THE LIFELINE FOR THE
ISLE OF LEWIS, ON THE OUTER
HEBRIDES.

A MAN WITH
A PURPOSE AND
A PASSION TO
HELP OTHERS.

IT HAS SEEN
SOME STRANGE
COMINGS AND
GOINGS, BUT NONE
STRANGER THAN
ROBY CAMPBELL—
FRESH OFF THE
BOAT.

IMBERS BOATS

THIS IS AS
FAR AS I CAN GET
BY PUBLIC TRANS-
PORT, BUT ARRANGE-
MENTS HAVE BEEN
MADE.

I HOPE!

CAN
I HELP
YOU?

I'VE COME TO
PICK UP THE
BOAT HIRED BY
A MAN NAMED
XAVIER. I'M HEAD-
ING FOR MUIR
ISLAND!

MUIR ISLAND!
YOU COULDN'T
PAY ANY OF MY
BOATSMEN
ENOUGH TO TAKE
YOU THERE.
THAT PLACE IS
CURSED.

WHAT IF I
DOUBLED THE
RENTAL? WOULD
THAT OFFSET
SOME OF YOUR
SUPERSTITIONS?
THOUGHT SO.

THE DAMAGE IS
IRRELEVANT. SIENA IS
CASUALLY OBVIOUS
TO THE Gaping
ELECTRO-MAGNETIC
SCAR SHE HAS LEFT
IN HER WAKE.

ALL THAT MATTERS
IS THAT THE
DISTRACTION HAS
SERVED ITS
PURPOSE.

MUIR ISLAND-- AND ITS
SECRETS-- ARE THERE
FOR THE TAKING!

BAMF

RACHEL
HAS
LOCATED
THE INTRUDER
ON THE LOWER
LEVELS.

GOT TO
GET INTO
THIS STORM
IS IN-
CREDIBLE--
I HOPE
PHOENIX
CAN HANDLE
THE
SURVIVORS.

WE
HAVE TO
GET TO
MOIRA!

MOIRA IS NOT
GENERALLY THE
TYPE OF WOMAN
WHO NEEDS
SAVING.

TIME SHE NO
LONGER HAS!

**SIENA
BLAZE!**

THE INTRUDER HAS
BEEN COOLY TRACKED
BY MUIR ISLAND'S
SOPHISTICATED
COMPUTER NET,
ANALYSED AND
IDENTIFIED VIA HER
POWER SIGNATURE.

COUNTER MEASURES
ARE ALREADY BEING
ASSEMBLED. IT'S JUST
A MATTER OF TIME.

WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?

HOW
KIND OF
YOU TO
ASK...

...BUT
I'LL JUST
HELP MY-
SELF TO
YOUR SON'S
DNA
MATRIX.

YOU'LL
BE DOING
THAT OVER
MY DEAD
BODY.

HOW
OBLIGING!

EXACTLY
WHAT I
HAD IN
MIND.

THE STORM SEEMS TO HAVE A HIGH ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CONTENT. I CAN FEEL IT THROUGHOUT MY BODY. ITS LIKE A MUSCLE-SPASM.

HARD TO CONCENTRATE! GOT TO PICTURE MORRIS LAB AND 'BAMF'!

MM. SOMETHING JUST MOVED ITSELF THROUGH THE E.M. FIELD, OUT OF NORMAL TIME AND SPACE. I WONDER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I PLAYED AROUND A LITTLE HERE, JUST IN CASE IT COMES BACK THROUGH!

I'VE OVERSHOT-- WE ARE MERGING INTO SOLID ROCK!

KURT!

THOUGH IT'S ONLY A SLIGHT OVERSHOOT, IN A ROOM FIVE HUNDRED FEET DEEP AND SURROUNDED BY SOLID ROCK 'SLIGHT'...

-- CAN KILL!

N
E
X
T

I
S
S
U
E

MEMORIES ARE
MADE OF THIS!

"MOIRA IS BASED ON
MUIR ISLAND. YOU
WILL NOT ENCOUNTER
MUCH RESISTANCE."

"I KNOW
AND I HAVE
JUST THE
PLAYER IN
MIND FOR THE
TASK ..."

ICH BEIN
EIN ...

OH MY
GOD.

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

OOOHHH
SIENA!

RICHARD ASHFORD HE WROTE IT
KEN LASHLEY HE DREW IT
RANDY ELLIOT AND CAM SMITH THEY INKED IT
PAT BROSSERAU HE LETTERED IT
GARRAHY MATTHEWS THEY COLORED IT
SUZANNE GAFFNEY SHE EDITED IT
BOB HARRAS HE GROUPY EDITED IT
TOM DEFALCO HE CHIEFLY EDITED IT

EXCALIBUR® Vol. 1, No. 72, December 1993, (ISSN #1045-1364) Published by MARVEL COMICS, TONY STREIB, President, Stan Lee, Publisher, Michael Hudson, Group Vice President, Publishers OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. Copyright © 1993 Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price \$1.75 per copy in the U.S. and \$2.25 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues, U.S. \$21.00; foreign \$33.00; and Canadian subscribers must add \$8.00 for postage and GST. GST #R12703032. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. EXCALIBUR (including all previous characters featured in this issue and all distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO EXCALIBUR, c/o MARVEL COMICS, 387 FLOOR, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018. Printed in Canada.

NIGHTCRAWL



MANY THINGS HAVE
CHANGED SINCE
THEY WERE LAST ON
THE ISLAND.

CASE IN POINT: THE
PROTEUS ROOM. IN
THE HOPE OF TEACHING
HER SON CONTROL OVER
HIS RAMPANT REALITY-
WARPING POWERS, MIRA
CREATED A CONSTANTLY
CHANGING MINDSCAPE,
A COUNTER-BALANCE
TO HER SON'S ANARCHIC
CREATIONS.

THE ROOM NOW
PROVIDES A VERY
DIFFERENT
SERVICE.

WELL,
NOW THEN,
LADDIES 'N
LASSIES... LET'S
RUN YE
THROUGH YOUR
PAGES.

I'VE BEEN
WORKING ON
COMBINING VIRTUAL
REALITY WITH
SHAR TECHNOLOGY,
PLUS A LITTLE OF
WHAT I LEARNED
FROM TREATING
MY SON.

I HAVEN'T
BROUGHT
ANYONE HERE
SINCE HE...

...I'M TRYING
TO TELL YOU THAT
IT PLEASES ME
TO THINK THAT SOME
PART OF MY SON'S
LEGACY CAN BE
USED TO HELP
OTHERS.

THE CHILL OF THE PROTEUS ROOM IS SOON A DISTANT MEMORY, FADING IN THE WARM GLOW OF A SMALL CROFTERS COTTAGE. IT IS SOMETHING OF A COME DOWN FROM THE REGIONAL SPLENDOR OF BRADPOCK MANOR OR THE LOFTY HEIGHTS OF THE LIGHTHOUSE...

...BUT ALREADY IT'S HOME!

YOUR GENEROSITY AS A HOST, MOIRA, MAKES US ALL FEEL VERY WELCOME. HOW CAN WE REPAY YOU?

THAT CHAIR HAS LASTED FIFTY YEARS, KURT, DO YOU THINK IT COULD LAST ANOTHER FIVE MINUTES WITHOUT YOU BREAKING IT.

THIS IS SO CUTE! NEXT TIME WE HAVE TO SAVE THE WORLD, CAN YOU LEAVE ME AT HOME?





SUCH A SHORT TIME... AND YET I FEEL LIKE I BELONG HERE. WITH MOIRA, TRULY BELONG. IT'S EVERYTHING I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR.

I'VE HAD TO FIGHT SO LONG JUST TO GET THE LITTLE BIT OF ATTENTION I'VE GOTTEN FROM JEAN. I FORGOT WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE WANTED.

PORRIDGE-- I LOVE IT...

SOME PORRIDGE, RACHEL?

THANKS, MOIRA, I'M REALLY NOT HUNGRY, THOUGH.

PORRIDGE REMINDS ME OF THE GLOP THEY FED US IN THE PENS WHEN I WAS A MUTANT-HUNTING HOUND FOR ARAH.

mmmmmmk!

JUST THE THOUGHT OF ARAH AND HIS CURSED PENS MAKES ME SICK.

I HOPE WE'RE NOT BRINGING UP TOO MANY PAINFUL MEMORIES.

MOIRA-- ABOUT THE PROTEUS ROOM THIS MORNING.